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The Preface,

A
POEM OF THE PERIOD,

BY

ALBYN.

“What is writ is writ.”

BYRON.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA:
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS.

1876.

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Andrew Shiels.

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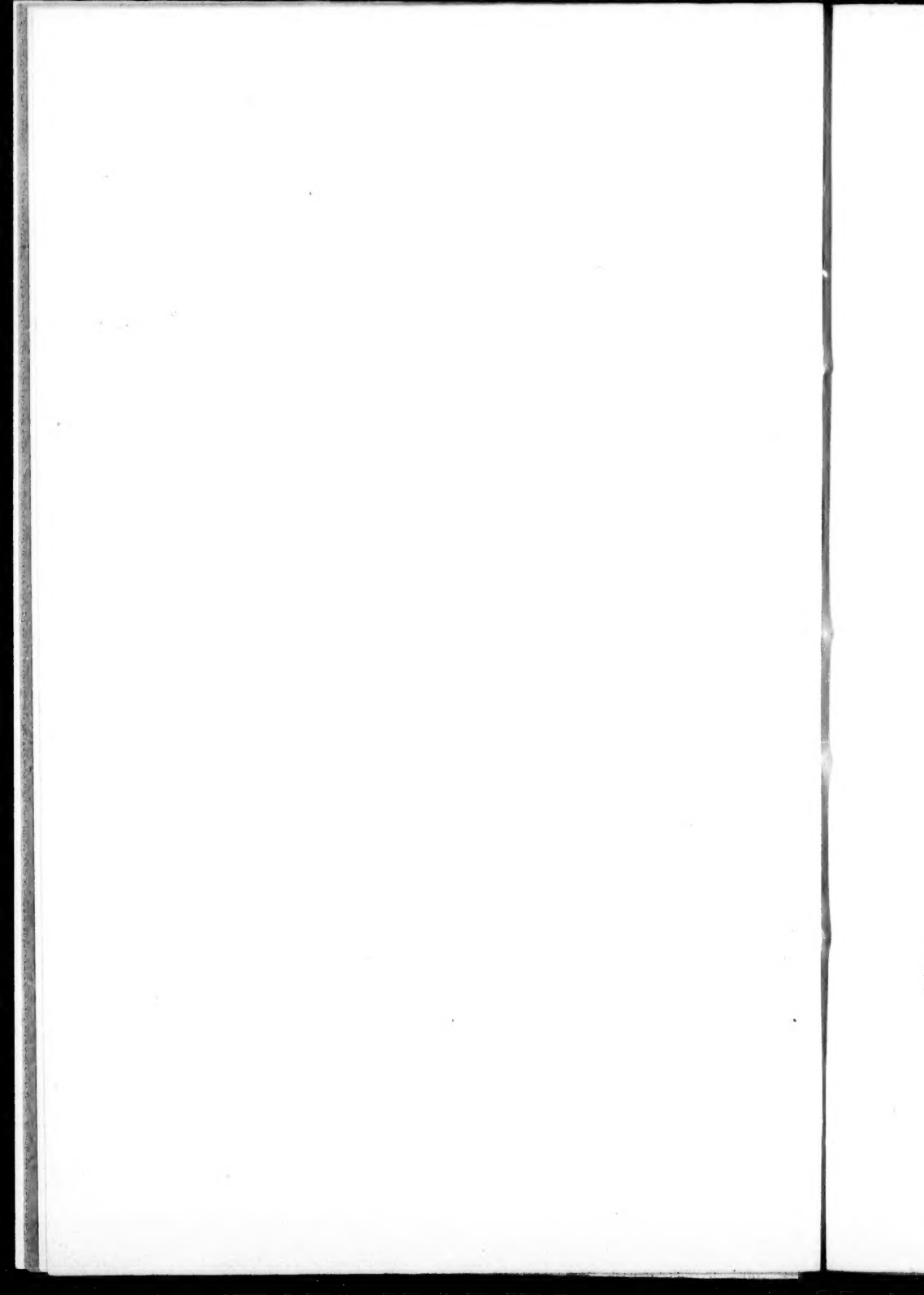
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NOTE.

THE following pages were written in a season of sorrow, in which the reader is not expected to take any interest, in order to divert the mind in some measure from brooding over-much on a recent bereavement; and is now printed for the author's pleasure. The article was originally intended as a preface to a volume of Poems from the pen of "Albyn"—and which may, or may not, be forthcoming hereafter—according to the reception the present effusion may obtain from the reading portion of the public; they never yet having shown any partiality to the Muse of Acadia, the home manufacture, not being sufficiently *absurd* to become fashionable.

Dartmouth, November, 1875.

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INTRODUCTION.

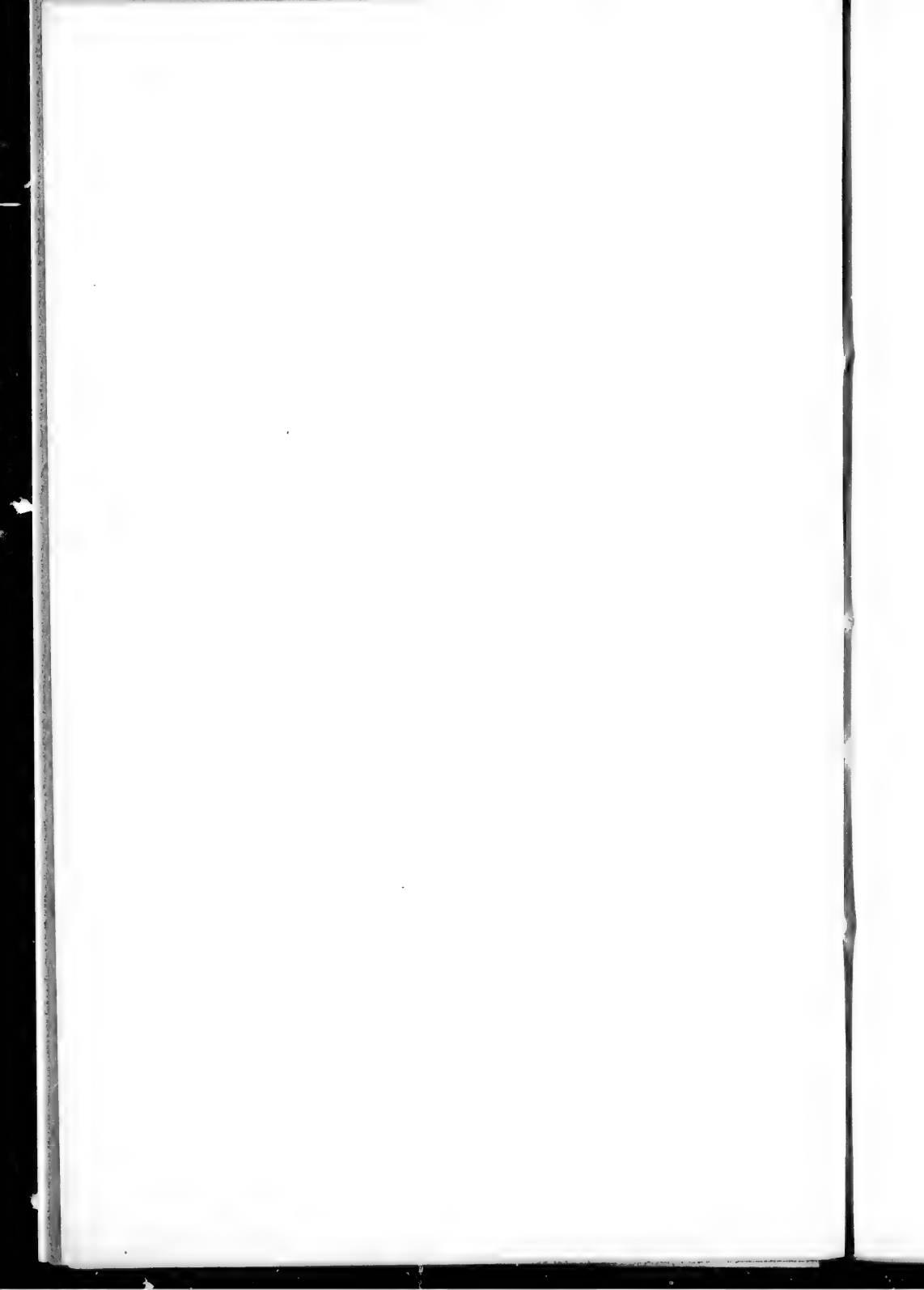
IF MILTON, in his palmy days,
"Il' Penserosa," wrote for praise,
And, ROBERT BURNS, has not been blamed;
For having "Tam O'Shanter" framed:
Nor COWPER, for the pride he took,
Of "Gilpin's" long ride in his Book.
Tho' flimsey fabrics at the best,
They skill admirably attest!
So full and finish'd ev'ry trace
Exhibiting Pierian grace.
All of them exquisitely knit,
And master pieces we admit.
But, if the truth, we must unfold,
They're only splendid lies when told.
Yet the creative pow'r of man
Mirror—as poet's only can.

Then, is there any question why
We too may not our pencil try?
As theirs are merely fictions—ours
Are facts, and fragrant as May-flow'rs.
And, if not classic now they may
Become so at another day;

By growing older gain like wine,
 A flavour finest of the fine.
 And in hereafter *Albyn's* name
 Be gilded with posthumous fame !

Without adopting Goldsmith's phrase,
 When "all the world is mine" he says,
 We may indulge ourselves to trace,
 Some episodes in smaller space ;
 And just such items as invite
 To pencillings for pastime write.
 In our effusions, we admit,
 Less poetry than truth is writ.
 And tho' sublimity secures
 Approval among Amateurs,
Our couplets carlessly we cast,
 Into the debris of the past.
 Not doubting some aside are laid
 Forgot or into kindling made.
 And were the whole disposed of so,
 Some people would be glad we know.
 Beyond the latitude of these
 Can either irritate or please ;
 Within this hermitage of ours,
 Deaf to the would-be connoisseurs,
 And geniuses with owlish looks,
 That passes sentence upon Books.
 As oranges are for deserts,
 Put out of sight by malaperts,

Or walnuts are demolish'd where
 There is a party-ing affair.
 So do the adepts show the art
 How Poems may be torn apart,
 Or, into odd-like pieces pull'd,
 By boobys' that are brainless skull'd !
 And from the first line to the last,
 Contempt (if nothing else) they cast,
 To beauties absolutely blind,
 Tho' faults on ev'ry page they find,
 But, to the subject—praise and blame,
 To us, are equally the same.



OUR PREFACE.

REFLECTING on how soon the traces fade,
That have among the dust of Time been made
By the departed, in the brief career
Kept them conspicuous for a season here.
And, tho' once prominent in speech or pen,
Are now *forgotten* by their fellow men !
We deprecate, and even blush to own,
Such apathy is universal grown.
Astonishment is ours, to mark the air
Of nonchalance, so patent ev'rywhere !
Since fashion only finds room to expand,
In our adopted—not, our "native land."
Ah ! then with our propensity for song,
Can it be counted strange, if we do long,
(Beyond life's farthest limits now) to claim,
Some souvenir to bear the poet's name,
And, from among the Nova Scotian flow'rs,
Select a boquet may be known as ours.

We pause not now to note, the rank and file,
As Legislator's flourish'd here a while,
Such politicians as could only show,
Their eloquence by saying "Aye" and "No"
Nor, to take notice of the would-be great,
That in the council chamber had a seat.

Nor trifle ev'n to classify the few,
 Illustrious dead that Nova Scotia knew.
 But, what the gifted, and the great have won
 By services unto their country done.
 What sanctities their sepulchres invest,
 Who boldly dared to battle for the best.
 So that we may some estimate obtain,
 Of what hereafter Amateurs may gain.

We pass the splendid list of warriors by,
 Went forth into the battle fields to die.
 The *Welsford's* and the *Parker's*, who became,
 Illustrious in the roll of Crimean fame.
 The gallant *Inglis* and the *Westphall's* brave,
 When living prized, and glorious in the grave!
 'Tis not the heroes highest in renown,
 But, the civilians that are smitten down.
 The statesmen and the honorable—those
 That in the city of the dead repose.
 And vestiges that Time consents to spare,
 Have left behind, now claims our special care.
 To learn, how lasting, on their narrow beds,
 Posthumous fame, a lustrous halo sheds.

There is a time, there is a season too—
 Tho' undefined, to neither say nor do.
 So is there, both a season and a time,
 When silence and supineness is a crime.
 Between such scylla and charybdis, we

Take our departure to an open sea.
 Alike disastrous in the whirlpool lost,
 As to be wrecked upon a ruffian coast.
 The task is ours, tho' difficult to steer,
 Unpiloted, and keep of either clear.
 And if we can, avoid the treach'rous shore,
 Whereon politic breakers rise and roar,
 Or, adverse tides indulging in a lark,
 May overwhelm our little fragile barque.
 And should our exit be a while delay'd,
 The prey of critic cannibals be made ;
 Well, tho' some college scatter-brains assume,
 To make a raid upon our *nom de plume* ;
 Or when with science surfeited, enjoy
 A leisure hour demolishing our toy :
 Or, in profusion, perils may appal !
 The Muse invites, and, we obey her call.

Not now, among the feath'ry glades, where flow'rs—
 Shed incense on these summer walks of ours,
 Not now, upon the maple shelter'd seat,
 Where friendly branches shade us from the heat ;
 Nor saunt'ring through the leaf-arched avenue,
 That, in the autumn withered leaves bestrew :
 Nor musing, by the little orphan rill,
 That carefully comes down from Reeve's hill ;
 Nor sharing in emotions of delight,
 Such sprightly spirits can in us excite.
 But, in our sanctum solitary set

Strive but in vain, bereavements to forget.
 Aye, in our sanctum, brooding o'er the past
 So oft' exhausted, but will not exhaust.
 Sick of a world, where promises abound—
 In youthful days ; but tantalizing found.
 And, in maturer years, the bright display
 Eludes the grasp, and vanishes away.
 We eagerly ERATO's aid embrace,
 To soothe, if not our sufferings efface ;
 Or, in sensations song can give assuage
 The melancholy that pertains to age.
 And, as our fingers o'er the harp strings sweep,
 Awake the echoes that in " Camp-hill " sleep.

Needs it be told, we're so fastidious grown,
 The greatest *Bore* in Nova Scotia known—
 Is truthfulness ; but any idle tale,
 Is preferable wherein *lies* prevail !
 " Largely inaccurate " some,—some wanting in
 The " essential element " when they begin !
 Nay, even some, nor few in number they
 Exhibit carelessness in what they say,
 And, in a hurricane of words, is shown
 As facts, what are but fictions of their own.
 But we profess—nor is it without pride,
 Our inclination to the *better* side ;
 And deem it quite excusable that we,
 To vamping characters do not agree.
 Nor ought—tho' plausible it may appear,

With our veracity shall interfere.
 Tho' quite aware, that, lies when pour'd out free,
 To public favor are a guarantee !
 The speculation's critical at best,
 Nor void of danger therein to invest ;
 And is the lowest, of the lowest kind,
 Of degradations that pollute the mind.
 Hence declarations, are so often made,
 Greatly at variance with what should be said,
 Especially, when some ulterior gain,
 Men, do by fibs and fallacies obtain.
 Say—Pictou railroad with a people's curse,
 Or carrying off a coal mine in their purse.
 Nay more, the wildest of assertions are,
 By politicians reckon'd on a par,
 And unconditionally genuine—
 As any of the oracles divine.
 The wickedest of wickedness, it may,
 By some be thought ; yet on a recent day
 A soul's salvation was not deemed too high,
 The Nova Scotian Premiership to buy.
 The pledge, tho' awfully profane, is still
 Kept unredeemed in the pawnbroker's till.
 It being dubious, if the promised boon —
 " RETRENCHMENT " will be consummated soon.

Not such the system that we would pursue :
 Drawn from the life, our skeletons are true,
 As when a travell'r passing thro' a scene,

In youthful days where objects intervene—
 Makes no pretension in old age to tell,
 Precisely of when there he saw so well.
 And, silently avoiding what was not
 Within his vision when upon the spot,
 He faithfully, what time consents to spare
 Unto the little faces round his chair—
 Delineates as he can ; so thus do we
 Some shadowy forms, thro' memry's vistas see,
 Far off loom up 'mongst wreaths of mistiness,
 All in the costumes they did erst possess,
 That, once were actors in provincial scenes.
 Tho' five decades between us intervenes,
 And now, presumptuous as it may appear,
 'Tis our design, to photograph them here.
 No flourishes that's fanciful, we feign,
 Perhaps not unexceptionally plain ;
 As is the Artist in his native mood,
 Such are his tracings cursory and crude
 No hunting after what is grand or gay—
 Merely to flash, and then to fade away !
 No decorations of a dubious kind,—
 Only to dazzle or distract the mind ;
 No labor'd ornament, or borrow'd grace,
 Can on our pages be allow'd a place ;
 Willing to have the likenesses portray'd
 Upon our preface—the criterion made.

O come Erato ! guardian of our lays,
 Beloved enchantress in precocious days,
 Attend us still, still thy approving smile,
 Can all the anguish from the Bard beguile.
 Delightful guest, O come, the task is yours,
 To prompt the poet in his pensive hours,
 And guide our pencil as it wakes to woo
 Reminiscences of the long ago.
 And, as Pierian patroness bequeath
 The cyprus cincture or the civic wreath,
 On such as did our Cabinets adorn.
 Nor would ignobly have a sceptre borne.
 And when life's drama, closes their reward,
 A length'ning cortege to the lone churchyard.
 Enough ! should silence be their earthly doom,
 Nor calumny disturb them in the tomb.

Chief of the Nova Scotian men of note,
 Why is the " Master of the Rolls " forgot ?
 ARCHIBALD ! the friend of *Albyn*—tried and true !
 To Archibald,—Albyn's gratitude is due.
 Of all our native Nova Scotians—none
 In the assembled wisdom brighter shone.
 An attitude commanding, and an ease
 That never fail'd an audience to please.
 To pierce or parry, equally prepared—
 Tho' few to meet him in a conflict cared.
 Keen as an Advocate—but did disdain
 Whatever gave unnecessary pain ;

Always effective ; never overstrained—
 His views when adverse, courteously maintain'd.
 Not more enchanting, at the ev'ning hour,
 The Nightingale her orisons can pour,
 Than were the cadences of Archibald's voice,
 The diction pleasing, and the language choice,
 So rich in melody, so full and clear—
 His utterances came upon the ear !
 But tho' the plaudits that the public gave
 Was adulation more than he might crave ;
 Yet, all the noble services he did
 Are now, beside him in the grave kept hid ;
 Nor is there aught commemorates a name,
 So well deserving—of a niche in fame.

Among the mighty who in *Albyn's* day
 Without acknowledgement have pass'd away,
 In head and shoulders over all the rest
 For rhetoric "AGRICOLA" stands confest !
 Of all the honours, by our maguates gain'd,
 By acclamation, YOUNG the first obtain'd.
 Persuasion pour'd impetuous from his tongue,
 And on his pen, wreaths of enchantment hung !
 The finish'd scholar, and a taste refined,
 Were in his attic utterances combined.
 And if not poetry, yet more than prose
 Was in the lustrous language that he chose,
 The polish'd period his, and his the dart,
 That left behind a lancinating smart.

And some opponents still could show the scars,
 Bestowed upon them in the wordy wars.
 Solons of Agriculture once so free,
 In rural disquisitions where are ye ?
 Like other things that flutter and take flight,
 One after one, evanish out of sight.
 Half Buccaneers, what they could not enjoy,
 Deem'd it a bounden duty to destroy.
 With them at least, 'tis wisdom to forget,
 His classic way of cancelling a debt.
 It is not marvellous that there are some
 Still found on his accomplishments so dumb.

So much to praise, so little to bedim,
 Where is the wreath ; the mausoleum for him ?
 A grateful people, gratefully bestow—
 On those, who triumph o'er a common foe.
 The question seems unanswerable ; none
 Care to respond now when Agricola's gone.
 No monument to valour, or to skill
 No "Appian way" invites us to Camp-hill.
 An avenue is found in ten per-cent,
 To give the feelings of the gen'rous vent.
 Those making fortunes, in a single day,
 Ere yet the golden times had pass'd away,
 Saw little merit, in Agricola when,
 He made the Province flourish with his pen.

A mind capacious, and the fruitage there
 Was cultivated with assiduous care.
 Various and vast the talents he possess'd,
 Of all our greatest orators the best ;
 But the eciait that dazzled when alive,
 Did not one day his funeral survive.

And HUNTINGTON, who never was the last,
 In the polemic conflicts of the past,
 A man that neither could be bought nor sold,
 Among the boldest, he was counted bold.
 From right immovable, and quite as strong,
 Resistance offer'd unto what was wrong.
 Frank in address, and fearless of his foes
 He never shunn'd the test of "Ayes" and "Noes."
 Unsyllabled, his freezing frowns convey'd,
 Laconic answers to long speeches made.
 Even by a gesture of contempt ignore
 The plausible palavers of a "Bore."
 Whilst almost visible in Herbert's mien,
 Integrity embodied—could be seen ;
 No vacillation in politic strife—
 E'er cast a shadow on his public life.
 But, if there's one exceptionable—he
 (Albeit of blameless character) should be
 Omitted from our record—as a stone
 Ingratitude may partially atone ;
 An obelisk that bears the patriots name,
 Consideration from the Muse may claim.

Then, there is UNIACKE, who, while yet a lad,
 Was praised for gifts no Uniacke ever had !
 The gracefulness that his conferrees boast,
 Was in a rude exterior nearly lost.
 Nor could a studied elocution hide
 The symptoms of an overweening pride.
 A voice unmusical and always strain'd ;
 No fascination o'er an audience gain'd ;
 His countenance in a forbidding way,
 Did insolence if not *hauteur* betray.
 Between the stolid, and the stern, no trace
 Was seen of mirth e'er visiting his face,
 A pompous piece of perishable clay !
 Yet, one not to be met with ev'ry day ;
 But undistinguish'd from the common herd,
 He lies forgotten where he was inter'd !
 And as the public, tho' not always right,
 Unanimously dropp'd him out of sight,
 It may be thought—perhaps it may be said,
 That we, should not his quietude invade.
 It may be just, but candidly confess
 We do not in the verdict acquiesce,
 And tho' entitled to a better fate,
 Arrest of judgment now, would be too late.
 As ev'n the Muse (we write it with regret),
 Tho' undefined must have a limit set.

Another one, and higher up in fame,
 Our fingers quiver as we write his name,

HOWE! song inspiring erst to us ; the past
 Is now with clouds and darkness overcast.
 Ours are the feelings, only known to them,
 Who, have at once to love, and to condemn.
 Strangely divided ; but as censure shakes
 Our prejudices, sympathy awakes !
 This urges kindness in the long ago,
 And *that* short comings painfully we know ;
 Between them friendship in demeanour dumb ;
 Uplifts a finger, and they both succumb.

That *Howe* of ours ; unmingled with some gall
 We cannot, will not, from the shades recall.
 So full of promise in the morn of life.
 So great his triumph in politic strife.
 Then, in the mire took pleasure trampling down,
 The sacred wreath that should have been his own.
 Before us now these in confusion swim,
 And claim to share our photograph of him.
 It may not be, it is as the Premier
 Of Nova Scotia, Joseph's pencill'd here ;
 His aspirations tho' they never slept,
 Were carefully from observation kept.
 Till, as a meteor in a starless night,
 Dispels the gloom, and dazzles with delight,
 Such the amazement, Nova Scotia shared,
 When first Responsibility was air'd !
 Statesman, Philosopher, and Poet—Howe,
 To him what does not Nova Scotia owe.

His patriotism, whether felt or feign'd,
 Wide as the world a reputation gain'd.
 His text "*My Country*"—ever on his lips—
 A theme no previous question could eclipse.
 But not denied that, in an evil hour,
 Exchanged it recklessly, for place and pow'r.
 Yet, though some vagaries his scutcheon dim,
 Our admiration culminates on him.
 Once in an age, and only once, a man
 Like him appears since time at first began.
 But, in the highest as the lowest state,
 Vicissitudes on mortals do await.
 Nor, did the King of terrors aught allow,
 As an exception, in behalf of Howe.
 Quite inadmissible appeal or plea,
 That might awhile postpone the stern decree.
 Hurl'd from the apex, giddy at the best,
 Whereon his eyes long eagerly did rest,
 No time allow'd his mantle to adjust,
 Ere from the summit of ambition thrust,
 And tho' the commonest of dust implies,
 A sanctity from him that in it lies.
 Yet, O ! how terrible, that, death should call,
 When he was busy with a splendid "*Ball*."
 And at the last, to finish his career,
 The satrap of a plundering Premier ;
 So in hereafter, Halifax can claim
 "*Camp-hill*" that's all ! *his* resting place became.

Even JOHNSTONE, tho' a brilliant, in his time,
 Lies *unremember'd* in a distant clime.
 And all the tortuous tactics he employ'd,
 Once so inspiring, now are null and void.
 Vindictive, often more than it was meet ;
 Nor was he deem'd a stranger to deceit,
 Ascerbity tho' more or less suppress'd,
 Was in his practice painfully confest.
 In argument so pompously abstruse,
 When not convincing—could at least confuse.
 And in expedients that he might attain
 Some fav'rite object, of a fertile brain
 However crooked, cramped, or confined
 Or unadapted to the end design'd,
 Even of the company he travell'd in,
 Not over nice, if on the way to win.
 His stratagems, tho' dext'rously contrived,
 Have not beyond his own demise survived.
 A casuist in debate, and in a suit,
 Display'd ability beyond dispute.
 Calm in exterior, but like two-edged swords
 Upon the guilty came his burning words.
 Tho' many a curious kind of freak and whim,
 Were known to be familiar unto him
 Yet of his foibles caprice and pride,
 Required a daily discipline to hide.
 Some eccentricities that were his own,
 Had into more than baby figures grown ;
 And in a selfishness that run to seed,

Show'd to the world insatiable greed.
 Some sterling qualities he did possess,
 Made expiation for his faultiness.
 But, amongst those have his associates been,
 No sighs are heard, nor moisten'd eyes are seen ;
 For him *Bluenose* no lamentation made,
 No is advised yet where his dust is laid.

Among the Notables who have appear'd
 In Nova Scotia, that should be revered,
 Than HALIBURTON, the historian, none
 More famous living, less regretted gone !
 It is but little, and that little dim,
 And desultory we can tell of him.
 A miscellaneous volume—self contain'd
 Oft too indelicate to be explain'd.
 Where ev'ry page with jibes, and jeers, and jokes
 To peals of laughter purposely provokes ;
 And paragraphs, more prodigal of wit,
 Than what is deem'd for seminaries fit,
 And, happy hits, by grimaces convey'd,
 That have not always carefully been weigh'd.

In the similitudes we have to spare,
 With which he might ostensibly compare,
 Are panoramas—more diffuse by far,
 But more unique than panoramas are ;
 Less vivid in conception too the plan
 Upon the canvass than was in the man.

In the transitions so abruptly made
 By the "clock pedlar" genius was display'd.
 Altho' at times mistakes did interpose
 Between him and the characters he chose.
 No stam'ring at queer stories where a wick,
 The broken pieces could together link,
 Or hesitation how to slide, or slur,
 O'er kiuks and crumples when they did occur.
 Nothing too ticklish for him to recite,
 But what was muddy gave him most delight,
 The more ridic'lous always prized the more,
 The louder it did make the list'ners roar.
 And inuendoes, had a certain place,
 As special fav'rites on his fullmoon face,
 Even if not always visible, yet they
 Whenever wanted were not far away.

We have another similie, that, might
 Be for our preface deem'd more apposite.
 If e'er a live kalideoscope could be
 In human figure, then "Sam Slick" was he.
 Who ever in a tube, has seen a mass,
 Thrown in by chance of beads and broken glass,
 And felt the real enchantment they possess,
 In all their vast and varied loveliness,
 May possibly from the ideal glean,
 What we, in the original, have seen.

" Sam " was an oddity, an humourist,
 And oft the bench enliven'd with a jest,
 Sometimes absurd, and, sometimes out of place,
 But, did contrive to keep a serious face,
 And not unfrequently the Bar forgot,
 Their gravity by some grotesque *bon mot*.
 His twinkling eyes so exquisitely droll,
 Beam'd in their sockets like a burning coal,
 So that the Court would for an instant pause,
 And join the audience in their loud guffaws.
 His *laison* for a pun could not be hid,
 And spiced with fun was all he said or did.
 With social friends, or as a judge in court,
 He had a quenchless appetite for sport.
 And far and wide are aphorisms " Sam "
 In sayings quaint and curious did embalm,
 But " Sam " a tory proselyte became,
 And dead ! there is no odour in his name.
 Even of his exit there is nothing known,
 More than newspaper notices have shown.

Sam could not well have utterly been rid
 Of liberal notions at the time he slid
 Among the Tories ; they were not, as now,
 In estimation sunk so very low.
 They would have laugh'd at all the gasconade,
 By either *Woodworth* or *McDonald* made.
 Since we were sold for eighty cents a head
 To Canada ! we have a wholesome dread

Of Toryism whether as Lib-cons
 Or Tupperi or tailings of Sir Johns',
 And, as we once did hear an Indian say,
 "The Liberals are more better men than they,
 "When of white people Indian man complain,
 "'Tis always, always, the same call again,
 "And very much whatever time we come,
 "The man we want then never is at home!
 "The Liberals no long palaver make,
 "But always home, and always wide awake,
 "No great big talk, but all of it so true,
 "And what is to be done—most certain do."

A slap more frequent than a sugar-plum,
 Benificence to Bluenose is become.
 Mazzeppa-ish tho' questionably said,
 That insult in hereafter may be paid.
 If there's a tide in men's affairs, a wave
 Might by and bye in Fenian figure rave,
 Around the throne and who knows topple down
 That symbol so significant—a crown!
 Ah! should it ever in an evil hour,
 Cross the Atlantic and thro' London pour,
 Then Old John Bull, up from his lounge will leap,
 Whereon so oft he feigns to be asleep.
 And like a kind, good natur'd honest soul,
 (As so he is, if taken on the whole)
 Into the pockets of his great surtout—
 Thrust both his hands, and swaggering about,

Growl a great oath, that he is not in trim,
 For frothy Fenians coming near to him.
 'Tis then the Ministers of State may find
 How Colonists can keep contempt in mind.
 Then too, a British Parliament, will know
 That Bluenoses were rated rather low.

O! had the Queen of England, deem'd how ill
 It is to force a transfer of the will,
 She would have paused before her mandate made,
 The Nova Scotians' articles of trade.
 Or deign'd at least to hear her lieges plead
 Not to be sold for " eighty cents " per head.
 No act was theirs to cover with disgrace,
 Or give confusion to a Native face,
 Ere they became the SCAPE-GOATS to atone
 For overt deeds by the Canadians done.
 What tho' divided from her by the waves,
 They are too proud to be made serfs and slaves,
 Such souls as theirs are not for vassals meet,
 And British hearts within their bosoms beat.
 Unconquer'd, and unconquerable, they
 By diplomacy have been flung away.
 A people, as their fathers were in old,
 Such are they, true indomitable—bold
 Inured to hardship, ev'rywhere renown'd
 When help is wanted—always ready found.
 To Celts and Saxons, and the Norsemen, heirs!
 A tone of high morality is theirs.

Admitting there is often room for doubt,
 If in their practice, it be carried out.
 Nor is Politeness universal, still
 Shrewdness does half its purposes fulfil.
 Where these are not, simplicity has been
 Their substitute in manner and in mein,
 A Loyal, Noble, Law abiding Race
 With only one exceptionable case,
 The Tupper trick ! there is no other stain
 In all Acadia's beautiful domain.
 That Tupper trick ! ah yes *corruption* then,
 Began to stalk among our Public men.
 Yes he ; that man so infamous became,
 That Doctor Cramp fixed TEKEL on his name.
 We add *Upharsin* ; fitter for the knave,
 Than the C. B., that Queen Victoria gave.
 He's writhing now, divided in two parts,
 Liberals and Tories hate him in their hearts.
 The very basest of the very base—
 Among the Demagogues of recent days.

This seems aside from what we did propose
 And might have been omitted if we chose.
 But then the Mic-mac's dictum, like a ghost
 Would with our own have been forever lost.
 As for the little episode no doubt
 Our preface would be readable without,
 But then we have a miscellaneous mind
 Not common place enough to be confined.

O Liberty ! how sweet it is to be—
Alike the minion of the Muse and thee.

With this digression o'er we venture back,
Where we deem'd fit to wander from the track ;
Neglecting to keep closely by the text,
So many of our readers may get vex'd :
Tho' undesigned, but they were not prepared
For deviations, to be on their guard.
They little know, as little do they care,
How sensitive the souls of poets are—
They little know, in such a life as ours,
How many thorns co-mingle with the flow'rs.
Nor of the imps that ev'ry chance embrace,
With unfledged wings to flap them in our face,
Nor, that our bile should now and then—be stirr'd,
In listening to platitudes absurd—
Obliterating what seems opposite,
To grace the facts and figures that we write ;
That justly or unjustly share the blame
Of ruining the skeletons we frame.
Nor that materials for Sam's profile were
Exhausted ere we reached his sepulchre !
Nor have found aught among the traits we pen
To dignify him more than other men.
He left his country, it is understood,
More for his own, than for his country's good.
He was an Author ! but there was no wail
At his demise, in all his native vale !

Or demonstration yet been made to show
What Nova Scotians to his mem'ry owe.

We look around—but look in vain to find
Some souvenir that may keep DOYLE in mind ;
Some fragment of a picture to be seen,
Left to perpetuate where he has been !
Something that would not moulder soon away,
Something that can the “joy of grief” pourtray—
Some symbol, speechless tho’ it be to tell,
That “Lary” bade his native land *farewell* !
Early among our special friends enroll’d
Not ill to gain, nor difficult to hold ;
A “Liberal” by profession, *alias* grit,
A gentleman, a scholar and a wit !
His bland address, and his engaging smile,
An Artist might have studied for his style.
Nothing degrading, or demure or dull,
Could find admission into Lary’s skull.
The Lark is not more sprightly as he pours—
His matin song in summer’s early hours ;
A heart, as lightsome as the playful breeze—
Scarce audible among the leafy trees.
Life was to Lary like a pleasant game,
And it was always sunshine, where he came.
The present his, to consequences blind—
The future never seem’d to cross his mind.
Contented drifting up and down in fame,
Without one aspiration, or an aim.

As light the task, to get a swallow shot,
 When on the wing, as tell what he was not.
 But more perplexing it were to rehearse
 The outlines of his character in verse.
 Some *traits*, so like the Humming-bird—did flit
 From observation ere they could be writ.
 Not one of them might sep'rately be fixed,
 So multifarious were they, and so mixed,
 That no *fac simile*, tho' penn'd with care,
 Would ever with the original compare.
 A strict attention was not always paid
 To harmonize the movements that he made;
 His longings after, and his love for sport
 Did not at times with dignity compart.
 More than it did when tears unbidden show'd
 His sympathies with suff'ring everflow'd.
 But Lary's dead, and foreigners were proud
 Of furnishing his sepulchre and shroud.
 And tho' incredible it may appear,
 'Tis like a dream that Lary once was here.

No brighter target for death's shafts has been
 Within the Lower Provinces yet seen,
 Than WILLIAM GARVIE,—William was a star
 Of the first magnitude—and shone afar!
 Nor wanting in these omens of a caste,
 So oft prophetic of consuming fast.
 An incident to memory recalls,
 A scene within the Legislative Halls,

As list'ning to a question in debate,
 Exciting then, now almost out of date;
 Full of astonishment we stood to hear
 Invectives stinging, terribly severe—
 (Repelling. some insinuation made
 In the Assembly—should not there be said,)
 By Garvie mingled with the adverse cries,
 That either conquest or defeat implies.
 As “ins” exulted, or the “outs” deride
 Solemnity took refuge at our side.
 Conscious of some imposing presence there,
 Such as presage what mortals have to share,
 In accents audible there met our ear.
 A breath of coming “destiny severe”
 Which seem'd to us (tho' not in words,) to say:—
 “How brief will be that Orator's display.
 Already is the fatal mandate seal'd
 A mandate will not, cannot be repeal'd
 But as a Mede and Persian decree,
 Unalterable, Garvies' fate shall be
 Even now his eyes are publishing the way
 The fever'd frame is hast'ning to decay.”

School'd in the highest grade of classics, none
 In intellect possess'd a finer tone;
 A master in the sciences and arts,
 That education to the mind imparts;
 In copiousness unrivall'd, like a stream
 Full unto overflowing he did seem.

Even in his manner, and his manly grace
 Comparison would here be out of place.
 To all that constitutes a statesman born
 A cabinet or kingdom to adorn,
 He took the wind from out their sails who dared,
 To mar his pathway or his course retard.
 Unbaffled by the cumbrous and the cute,
 That organized on purpose to dispute.
 No matter who, the rival to assail,
 His open eye was never known to quail.
 Woe to the proud, the pompous or the rude
 Or prodigal, on Garvie durst intrude ;
 Yet, ev'ry syllable could be construed,
 As ostentation rigidly eschew'd.
 Whilst curiously, he complimented those
 With smiles, who, did their ignorance expose,
 And even the Tories (trimmers at the best,)
 His overwhelming eloquence confess'd.

But, smitten down beginning his career,
 His name already is forgotten here.
 Severely sad, to him death's arrow came
 Ere quite within the vestibule of fame.
 And tho' it is not yet a half decade,
 Since he was in the cemetery laid,
 Ah ! of his own companions, who are they ?
 Or, is there one remembers him to day.

The time would fail, the time we have to spare,
 From avocations that demand our care,
 The precious time; tho' fondly welcomed, still
 Men offer premiums for new modes to kill
 That time would fail; even to epitomize
 Some more besides that in rememb'rance' rise,
 Tho' little else than driv'lers at the best
 Opinion placed them once above the rest;
 But, 'tis not ours to lift oblivious pall,
 And what they did, or what they said recall,
 Not number'd in the "thirty," yet did they
 Make some spasmodic efforts in their day.
 Nor was their efforts, always made in vain,
 Emolument or office to obtain.
 T'was ever, with an eye to some reward,
 A FAIRBANKS, or a FORRESTER, was heard;
 Imagine y greatness lent them aid,
 In every syllable that either said.
 But, fail'd to hide the over-anxious care
 For place and pow'r they equally did share—
 One to be Master of the Rolls assay'd;
 The Police Office, on the other prey'd.
 Most terribly the one must have been wrong'd
 If any virtue unto him belong'd—
 Unless, that, superciliousness combined
 With pride, be counted something of the kind.
 Verbose, viudictive, violent, and vain,
 With tryranny transparent on the brain,

None might presume to question what he said,
 Or the decisions challenge that he made.
 And if he saw, or thought he saw a trace,
 Of discontent upon a client's face,
 A kind of wicked waspishness was shown;
 At once in full possession of his own,
 And no apology serve to assuage,
 A torrent of ungovernable rage,
 Woe, woe, was theirs who did incur his wrath,
 Nor less their doom who dared to cross his path;
 And over all the shadow of a smile,
 But far too faint a Poet to beguile.
 We shared his peccadillos once, and ill
 It did associate with BARD ALBYN's will.
 Instructing our opponent to evade
 A quasi kind of a decree he made
 But would not sign it, to the question why?
 A sneer, or curling lip, was the reply.
 Because one of his chums had been employ'd
 For a big fee to make the mandate void.
 Until the chancellor—FALKLAND! bless his name,
 On our petition—to the rescue came,
 And with old honest Haliburton's aid,
 Our cause in equitable scales was weigh'd.
 Nor one iota of the smallest kind
 That we could claim, but was to us assign'd.
 No loop-holes were in their decision left,
 Whereby we might of justice be bereft.

No quibbling then, evasions, vag'ries none,
The word was "forthwith," and forthwith 'twas done.

Not so offensive, but with as much pride,
And consequence the *other* could not hide,
Politeness was his hobby, and that trait
He cultivated in a curious way.
His sayings, sometimes difficult to frame
In proper shape ; but with an upright aim,
Both had side issues which they did pursue.
Nor were these ever absent from their view.
But not without emotions that give pain
Now, our enquiries after them are vain.

Nor would McKIM, tho' far a patriot praised
Against corruption have the clamour raised,
He did for nothing ; or himself forget,
But kept his eye upon a lighthouse set.
Yet in the twists and turnings of the past,
No doubts on his integrity were cast.
Tho' few among the Nova Scotians deem
McKim entitled unto their esteem ;
And fewer still now care to keep in mind
The noble record that he left behind.
Whilst, if in Stewart there was aught to show
Commendable—it must be long ago.
Tho' not without some scintillations shone—
Like petit planets in a distant zone,
That only twinkle with uncertain light,

But shed no lustre on the realm of night.
 Even "Lawson" who deserved a niche in fame
 For blamelessness, when many were to blame;
 Lawson had principle—but in excess,
 Was painfully unpolish'd in address;
 Stern and unflinching in a righteous cause,
 But scor'd to make long speeches for applause.
 Whilst others were by previous pledges bound
 Unfetter'd he was formidable found.
 And all the tendencies there is to trim
 By Legislators—had no place with him.
 Straight to the point, off-handed, brief and bold,
 The story that he had to tell was told.
 With him no beating of the bush, to find
 Something to rankle in a rivals mind;
 If any charge opposing members made,
 Or was in language covertly convey'd,
 Without apology; without excuse,
 Right on the spot, no matter how abstruse,
 Careless alike of either praise, or blame,
 The blunt retort in words unmeasur'd came.
 Yet always guiltless of that odious crime,
 The subterfuge of speaking against time.
 Unscath'd the ordeal of public life he pass'd,
 But turned a "Tory" (strange to say,) at last.
 And the *vox populi* that statesmen crown,
 Into a cold, dull silence dwindl'd down.
 And saving "Church," few of them but would bend,
 To circumstances ere they would offend.

And tho' not wanting in a seeming kind
 Of principle, it was to self confined ;
 Nor did suffice to reach beyond the gloom
 That natively associates with the tomb.

The Reader's patience, and so too our own,
 Would be exhausted to go further down ;
 Albeit celebrities of mushroom kind,
 Within the grave-yards Amateurs may find.
 Enough already for the Argus-eyed
 Is in our sevenfold miniature supplied.
 Illustrating illusions men caress—
 Illusions verse like ours can ill express,
 A multitude of attributes—the heirs,
 Have, since they died discover'd to be theirs !
 And borrow'd virtues generations old—
 Traced on their tablets bids the world behold.

As when a flock of cattle, or of sheep,
 A fragile fence are seen to overleap ;
 By force, or fraud determined to obtain,
 A field of pasture, or a field of grain.
 The boldest Bulls or ruthless Rams begin
 First, to make room to let their follow'rs in.
 One after one—they eloquently mute
 Without reluctance haste to follow suit.
 To them success encouragement affords,
 Nor are they long divided from their Lords.

So, is example to the masses, they
 Are always bent on having their own way,
 To them propriety is but a name,
 And right and wrong to be almost the same ;
 Hence, is it "SHODDY" seems so much inclined
 To covet more than is to him assigned.
 Tho' of chief seats, in synagogues still fond,
 His aspirations stretch out far beyond.
 And, in the cemeteries take the lead,
 In blandishing the dwellings of the dead.

" Nothing is sacred now," a heathen said,
 When he saw idols plentifully made,
 Nothing is sacred now, *we* do repeat !
 Since tawdry trappings ev'rywhere we meet.
 The honours, once on excellence conferr'd,
 Are now, adopted by the common herd.
 And mankind, look with evident disdain,
 On all that is by them consider'd plain.
 The lichen cover'd rock set up to show
 Where deeds of daring were done long ago ;
 The fascinations made enthusiasts dumb,
 Are now to all invisible become.
 And should there be a story, yet how few
 But would prefer to hear of something new.
 Even strangers pass on with a jaunty air
 Without enquiring, wherefore, is it there ?
 That " Bloody creek," in the Annapolis vale,
 Is only heard of—as an idle tale.

Some of the Natives hush it, and ignore,
 The narrative, when 'tis repeated o'er ;
 Or, start objections, childishly absurd,
 How such a scene could ever have occur'd.
 And, carelessly the tourists turn their eyes
 Away from where the granite boulder lies ;
 On which the Indian, for a target stood ;
 To know what length a cannon shot was good ;
 And left his carcass on the spot to tell,
 How far the Big gun carried, and how well !
 But should a pic-nic, or a rural fete
 Be improvised at Roundhill, or Rosette,
 Or, any frolic of ephem'ral kind,
 Made palatable to the youthful mind ;
 Whereon enjoyment all could calculate,
 What a sensation would it not create ?
 Like a Bee-hive reft of the regent queen,
 The countryside would instantly be seen ;
 And the details, at least, for one decade,
 The theme of fireside conversation made.
 And in hereafter, children would depone,
 To other children, what was said and done,
 With all the variations, and some more
 At ev'ry telling, than was told before—
 Transposed or dovetail'd in, as answers best
 Such audiences as are to be address'd.

And of the students, either east or west,
 (Dalhousie not excepted from the rest,)

Ambitious of excelling, yet how few
 Among them in the studies they pursue,
 Have any interest in the Past to spare !
 It is the *Coming* that commands their care.
 How little of Acadias' classic ground
 Is in their polished periods to be found.
 Too commonplace for poetry, they deem
 The mountain, and the little mountain stream,
 Unchanged, unchangeable to them appears,
 The scenes familiar to their infant years,
 And tho' endear'd by many a tender tie,
 They lend no lustre to a student's eye ;
 Nor one emotion of delight impart,
 To stir the tissues in a stolid heart.
 Nothing, beyond the old ancestral farm,
 And apple-orchard has for them a charm.
 Their highest aim has ever been to soar
 Above their fellows in a cricket score ;
 And to enjoy the plaudits of a day,
 In the Newspapers as experts in play :
 And seem to count a cricketing campaign
 Against the honours the Alumni gain.
 Where are their Odes or Essays that can tell
 How bravely their forefathers fought or fell ?
 Where are the coming candidates for fame,
 That may a laurel for their labours claim ?
 What scenes of terror, or of strife, have they,
 In flowing numbers ventured to pourtray ?
 Is their no savage onslaught, or surprise,

Linked with their lineage to immortalize ?
 Might not Pesiquid or Grand Pre inspire,
 Some embryo Bard to wake the west'rn lyre !
 Or in a ballad bid—the battles live,
 And banquetings that the Pictouians give ;
 How Antiburghers and the Kirkmen keen,
 Of smashing down with fencing poles have been !
 A myth at first but fann'd into a feud,
 At ev'ry hustings were the wars renew'd.
 The pupils of the Academy might spare
 At least, one idyl on the conflicts there :
 Or farther on along the east'ren shores,
 Where stones and brickbats supercede claymores,
 Yet have no legends been allow'd to tell,
 Who bravely fought, or fighting bravely fell !
 Some light on such a meritorious art,
 The scholars of St. Xaviers could impart.
 So too Dalhousie, might obtain renown,
 By "Gazetting" an epic of her own.
 A classic poem, noble, full, and fine !
 Original at least in the design !
 No language, set in double files to stand,
 Like lines of soldiers waiting for command ;
 Where epithets are dovetail'd in to fill,
 What may be wanting in the artist's skill.
 Or give a more imposing attitude,
 To what, were else unfinish'd like, or crude.
 No imitations—florid folly—none
 But, genuine in substance, style, and tone,

And O! delightful Albyn's task would be,
To praise (if meet) the Muses' protege.

Unnumber'd incidents make known, how bold,
The men of Nova Scotia were in old,
But ah! but ah! tho' fondly then revered,
In converse now, their names are never heard.
And aught that is not pompous, or polite,
Has been forever banish'd out of sight.

Lo! ev'n in Quakertown the fiendish raid,
Is quite forgotten that the Micmac's made,
And all the legends which it once could boast
Have, with itself in DARTMOUTH, long been lost!
Nor is there any vestige left, that says,
Where stood the Blockhouse, in the former days?
Nor is there any relics to engage,
The Antiquarians of the present age.
But *shoddy's* there in greatness overgrown,
By villas vast their origin is known.
They in fantastic structures seek to hide,
How near allied is poverty to pride.
And what is not, with novelty combined,
Can no admission to their presence find!
And where respect or veneration's paid,
They outward symbols purposely evade.

With this digression, we are apt to make,
Digressions simply for the readers sake,

Occasionally; but not always so:
 Illustrating the subject as we go.
 They keep us from confusion in the text,
 That might require appendixes annex'd;
 Whilst something more inviting could employ,
 The listlessness and leisure we enjoy.

With this deliverance, we begin anew,
 What still is more immediately in view:
 Are we not startled as the chisel shows,
 What none except the blushing marble knows.
 As hieroglyphs attest the saintliness,
 A Huckster or a Hodman did possess;
 Or of scapegraces that have ceased to live,
 What pleasing pictures hexameters give;
 Or sculptur'd urns on polish'd shafts portray
 Where dust degraded has been stow'd away;
 Even broken columns may be set to show
 How much regretted is the knave below,
 Nor *less* a pyramid create surprise,
 By telling where an old curmudgeon lies!
 A fashionable but infectious way
 Accounted pious in the present day.
 If, of an ancient or a modern date,
 We leave for others to discriminate,
 And in our couplet's, as we creep along,
 Enshrine one sister, and one son of song;
 Naming, but not without emotion, name
 "*Herbert*," the seraph in a human frame,

Some sacred feelings seems upon us thrust,
 When coming near the place where lies her dust !
 If aught on earth can holiness unfold,
 It is where Sarah mingles with the mould.
 The joy of grief were ours, could there be joy,
 Where the destroyer has been to destroy.
 Yet so it is, the christian comprehends
 Hope—pointing Heavenwards, tears with triumph blends ;
 The joy of grief is ours, the awe profound,
 To meditate beside her hallow'd mound.
 Upon the disregard, the disrespect,
 Death has for either youth, or age, or sect.
 The usefulness or the attainments made,
 There his unwelcome symbols are displayed,
 And in such numbers as her own to breathe
 The eulogy of her that sleeps beneath.

Upon her pages, pleasing and polite.
 Such marvels as the multitudes delight,
 Or tend to startle, are forbidden room.
 But there in loveliness the lillies bloom,
 And there the dew distilled from Heav'n comes down !
 The sacred favour flowers and foliage own,
 Whilst she,—ah ! yes, the Mayflower's grow and fade
 Upon the grave where SARAH HERBERT's laid.
 Forget-me-not's and Morning Glory's shed
 Their sweet perfumes around her narrow bed ;
 And now and then a transient tear may fall
 On the " Eolian Harper"—that is all !—

Ah gifted one, no omen else we need
Than what is yours to shadow Albyns' need.

Nor has McPherson, (is it not a crime)
Had more indulgence shown to him, as time
Already tells how little the regard
That is oppotion'd to "Acadia's Bard."
The boon he had so fervently desired,
A boon, the labour of his life inspired :
The sleeping, waking, soul entrancing dream
Of meriting his countrymen's esteem.
Alas, for him, that in his native land,
Such genius could no countenance command.
In his effusions is a pathos felt,
A Hermit's heart to sympathy would melt,
And ev'ry couplet coming from his pen
Thrill'd like soft music from a far off glen.
But, he was poor, unfortunate, and gloom
Gave him a passport to an early tomb.
The learn'd look'd on but did not care to own
The Brookfield Poet merited renown.
Nor came the proud, or pleasure seeking nigh
The settled sorrow that eclips'd his eye,
But left, in christian charity, they left
The dying one of earthly aid bereft,
And his requiem, sad, but silver lined,
Was to the wail of his "Irene" confined.

O, blessed land ! if *selfishness* is bliss,
 What clime on earth can be compared to this ;
 Where the amenities the living crave,
 Can only reach the precincts of the grave.
There admiration takes its final flight
 And kindred ties no longer lend delight.

In this preamble (criticism now
 Is gone abroad ; no matter what, or how,
 An author writes, we always do prefer
 Verse for our purpose, there perhaps we err ;
 But is for us a most convenient way,
 In the construction of a poem or play,
 And in a preface, where a surplusage
 There is to crowd, or cancel in a page)
 In this preamble, ev'n if it were prose,
 The evidence of negligence o'erflows,
 Advising how indiff'rence takes the place
 Of fond affection in the human race ;
 How very fanciful the ties between
Remaining and *departed* friends have been.

Such contemplations, simple as they seem,
 Serve to demolish Albyns' cherish'd dream ;
 And by these presents, wanting in the date,
 To all intents we now repudiate.
 If such a destiny admits a doubt,
 Should be at last to Albyn meted out.
 And on this preface enter our protest

Against a doom we can so ill digest.
 The Poet's prestige by the muse has been
 Placed on the record, tho' it is but mean !
 We claim exemption from the common lot,
 To die, and then be utterly forgot.
 Prophetic whispers, Albyn often hears
 From time to time, that in a lapse of years
 (And fondly to the fantasy we cleave)
 Some kindred spirit will his name retrieve
 From that inextricable, awful doom,
 Lost in the lab'rinth of perpetual gloom.

The gods help them who help themselves, 'tis said,
 The observation frequently is made,
 And whether born of savage or of sage,
 Not unbecoming in a christian age.
 We prize the heathen axiom, but decline
 Auxiliar aid to share in our design.
 A vet'ran in the literary field,
 The pen at once our battle brand and shield ;
 No ally ours to mingle in the strife
 Or share the perils of a poet's life.
 Except the muse, with feelings more than pride,
 We own her presence ever at our side !
 The boon, already certain, we shall have
 In Nova Scotia, a forgotten grave.

In place of long whereases, we premised
 Our end and aim in profiles improvised ;

By them advised how various and how vast,
 The desolation made where death has pass'd.
 We look for relics but can nothing see,
 Is from oblivion rescued—or will be.
 Nor in the compass of this hemisphere
 Are any omens that a change is near;
 And satisfied what has been heretofore,
 Will in the future be repeated o'er:
 Therefore *Resolved*, for reasons erst assigned,
 In them, and more not difficult to find,
 That under cover of our *nom de plume*,
 Executorship forthwith we assume,
 And in the plenitude that we possess,
 Our memory commit unto the "PRESS."
 Determining, tho' vain it may appear,
 Hereafter *something* shall our shadow bear;
 Perhaps by early prejudices sway'd,
 Have it in shape and volume fashion made,
 And shall, if possible, we can contrive,
 To have it finished while we are alive;
 Lest there be no interpreter who knows
 The caligraph when we are in repose.

We finish here, no doubt the readers' glad;
 Well, so are we, and only have to add:
 Enough if it be written right; if wrong,
 Then for a preface, it is far too long.
 We leave for those with overcurious eyes
 Either to carp at or to criticize;

And calmly in our hermitage await
 The public verdict to decide our fate.
 Some savage appetites the thing may whet,
 Whilst others grind their teeth or have them set
 On edge, as will the sharp'ning of a saw,
 Or a sour apple, that the tears can draw
 Out of their eyes ; and, others in our verse,
 See, or imagine what will make them fierce,
 And operate upon a brainless skull
 As rags of crimson on a crossgrain'd bull.
 Or in a hurricane of hateful words,
 Sent to perdition by creation's lords ;
 Even in the pulpit for our special use,
 A legend of the Lamech kind produce,
 Which coming like a show'r of molten lead,
 Was piously aim'd at the poets head.
 Quite the reverse of ointment, the effect
 Seem'd not what then the preacher did expect,
 So overdone and noxious too the dose,
 The audience saw extending from our nose,
 Or might have seen by fancy's aid a pair
 Of thumbs and fingers for a purpose there.

No scholar, yet we hold a place among
 Those, who are now, or have been, sons of song !
 With Burns and Campbell, Cunningham and Scott,
 And Hogg, the index t'were a task to quote ;
 A quire of foolscap might be found too small
 To write their names on if we wrote them all.

But Ferguson and Ramsay would be missed,
 So would McNiel if wanting in the list.
 And Leyden ! O, to stray by Teviot side,
 Another day with Leyden as our guide.
 Or from the cairn of Ruberslaw look o'er
 The sweet sad "SCENES OF INFANCY" once more ;
 Albeit a stranger to the classic skill,
 That erudition lends the gifted ;—still
 Originalty it must be own'd—
 Is in the structure of our Idyl found.
 Led by the muse when in our boyish days,
 Where Oxnam Water past the Cragtower plays,
 (Oxnam, that gives a tributary meed
 To Teviot ere it mingle with the Tweed,)
 Among the hawthorn bushes in the spring
 What time the Linnets' build their nests and sing,
 And the aroma from the blossoms shed
 The fancies of the young neophyte fed.
 Nor time, nor distance, nor corroding care,
 Can blight illusions—had their birthplace there ;
 Undimm'd the picture has thro' life's campaign
 Been like a charm, and makes us young again.
 She bade the fond enthusiast aspire,
 To breathe a requiem on the Border lyre ;
 But, as the sun a parting glance bestows
 Upon the landscape as it downward goes,
 Thro' rifted clouds, even so we do allow,
 Is the enjoyment of her presence now.

Some transient visits that can ill atone
For our bewilderment when left alone.

Descended from an ancestry, whose crimes
Were prayer and praise in persecuting times,
Hunted among the hills like birds of prey
For worshipping their Maker his own way ;
Hid in the glens where ferns profusely grew
They shunn'd the murderers that did them pursue.
Or, in the caves with brambles curtain'd o'er
Escape the frenzy of perverted power.
(Power, not by right divine to King or Queen,
But delegated and has ever been—
As impotent the conscience to enslave
As Canute's chair to stay the coming wave,)
Driven out from all the sanctities of home
In foreign lands and fev'rish climes to roam,
A price set on their heads, if they should e'er
Again within their native vales appear—
For living faith more than for learning they
Are famous in the annals of their day !
On us their mantle fell not, but will own
Our true position, long did fortune frown
Upon the embryo Poet, oft a sigh,
Deep drawn was ours, altho' then unknown why ;
A longing after something always came
In solitude for which we had no name.
One of those nurselings Nature, more than men
Inoculates with knowledge, now and then.

Not unfamiliar with the tenfold ills
 The history of a Scottish peasant fills,
 Such wounded feelings as privation gives
 All, after earthly happiness outlives,
 And the immediate or remoter heirs
 Finds it the only legacy is theirs !
 Nor can it even truthfully be said,
 There was exception in our favour made,
 Gratis the rocks, and hills, and streams bestow'd,
 The rudiments that in our bosom glow'd.
 There is or was a bank uprising high,
 Which the vex'd waters hastened to get by.
 (The oxnam waters, a bold border stream
 In infancy the nurse of Albyn's dream ;
 And all of it is fresh in mem'ry still
 From Dogsheugh crags away down past the Mill,)
 Always complaining as they come and go
 About their movements being made too slow,
 What time the shadows at the close of day
 In summer linger'd there retired we lay,
 And woke the slumb'ring echoes that recline,
 Among the boscaige in the rough ravine,
 Or, underneath the one arch-bridge would stand
 To hear repeated what we might demand.
 And learn'd of them the casura to place
 That gives the couplets a becoming grace ;
 And drank in pathos from the lonely graves,
 Of Martyrs where the weeping willow waves.
 In silence, in the melancholy sound—

Of Woodlands and of waterfalls, have found
 Strange elocution, and the thrush had part
 In our seclusion to the tuneful art,
 Whilst there was something in the very air
 Of ruin'd camps and castles everywhere !
 Unconsciously within our bosom grew
 To patriotism long before we knew :
 And the deep blushes on a maidens' face
 Enrich'd us with some particles of grace,
 And gave an outside polish, if not more,
 Unto the rustic, dream'd not of before.
 Such the foundation literally laid
 For any after progress to be made ;
 And tho' unwillingly we must confess
 Completes the education we possess,
 Except it be that on occasions rare
 We some remains of superstition share

One consolation still we claim as ours,
 Tho' acrid ichor on the preface pours,
 Half of it will be Hebrew unto them,
 That always are the readiest to condemn.
 There's some besides who great indulgence take
 In sulkiness, just for the author's sake ;
 And casts on him a scowling eye forsooth !
 For having dared to write the naked truth.
 Such subterfuges, thinnest of the thin,
 With us can get no deeper than the skin.
 Fierce ebullitions, if they really tend

To please the dupes, need no one else offend !
 So waving such apologies as may,
 Tho' counterfeit, pass current in our day,
 For abliations that by chance escape,
 Our observation in a fractured shape,
 It matters nothing how an error came
 As right or wrong the printer gets the blame.
 We hold correction conferences where,
 No guest unbidden is allow'd to share.
 Unvarying, if unequal, in the aim
 Our hand is kiss'd to the parnassian dame.
 Untamed she found us, and untamed remain,
 But, are content—no despicable gain
 Anticipating as we do a smile,
 When told how *vipers nibble at our file !*
 Nor seem to know, ere blood comes trickling down,
 Such things have teeth cuts keener than their own.